

A Mutual Agreement with Some Rye

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A Mutual Agreement with Some Rye

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Summary

Vox proposes to be free use for Alastor, Alastor agrees. They have their fallout, season 2 happens, but the agreement between them still stands. What happens when Alastor realizes this fact?

Or: Vox wants Alastor 24/7 and is a slut for him (Alastor is no better)

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

“Al, I. I know that you aren’t one to really enjoy being intimate.” The way Vox had brought the topic up had been sudden. Out of place, really. They had been together as usual, sitting at the bar. Alastor was nursing a drink in his hands, whilst Vox had just finished his third. Perhaps it was the alcohol that had Vox’s lips more lax. Alastor found himself not minding as much as he really ought to.

Alastor hummed, turning his head to look over at the man. His face was flushed, eyes wide, as though he couldn’t believe what he just said. Or maybe like he couldn’t believe what he was about to say. “Mm.. correct. Why do you bring it up, hm?”

Vox was trembling, Alastor had noticed. He assumed it was from the alcohol. It could’ve been from nerves, too, though. “I have an offer for you. One that I think you’d like.” Vox begins, searching Alastor’s face for any type of engagement—any sign that he was permitted to continue.

With a small shake of the head, Alastor gave him permission to continue with his little proposition. Alastor couldn’t help but be curious what was getting him so flustered, and why he brought up the idea of intimacy. Surely the two were connected in some kind of way.

“You’re a man. You have desires, just like any other sinner down here!” Vox finally continues, beginning to relax a bit into the flow of presenting his idea to Alastor. “And I mean- I assume that you aren’t one to do it often. Or ask for it.”

Alastor was growing increasingly interested in what Vox was beginning to get at here. He wonders if Vox was planning to present this idea, or if he had just thought of it, and had the confidence to propose it right away due to the alcohol. Alastor doesn’t speak, simply letting Vox go on.

Vox seemed slightly concerned about the fact that Alastor had yet to comment, but due to the fact Alastor was still looking at him, he assumed he still had his attention. “I. I was thinking that, instead of asking for it, you could just.. take it. From me. Whenever you want.”

Alastor looks at Vox for a long moment, considering what he just put on the table. It was quite the surprising thing for Vox to offer, in all honesty. Alastor doesn’t quite know how he

was supposed to react just yet. He needed more information. "Could you clarify what this 'it' is for me, Vincent? You keep saying that. I have my assumptions, but I want the two of us to be clear."

Vox's face flushes even more at the notion that he had to say it so clearly in front of Alastor, but he swallows his pride. "Sex, I mean. That's what I meant."

"That's what I thought." Alastor replied distantly, nodding slightly as he thought to himself what to do with this.

His companion was right about his assumption, at least. Asking was, truthfully, the worst part about the act.

Having to admit such a desire on his part was humiliating enough. Alastor, himself, already despised that he had retained such a human desire. Blessedly, he still had perfect self-control, so most of the time it wasn't horrible. Whenever he truly couldn't ignore it, having to find someone, and ask was awful.

Everyone he's ever had sex with he's killed. There's no use keeping around someone who's seen him ask for such physicality.

Alastor wasn't a monster, though. He might be in hell, but had standards, and consent was one standard that he upheld as a human and would always uphold no matter what. So, whenever he couldn't push the desire down, he always had to ask.

Vox was offering something that Alastor hadn't considered before this. An agreement that Alastor wouldn't have to ask. All that would be required of him would be to take what he wanted, and it wouldn't be a horrible sin, because Vox expressed beforehand that he wanted it this way.

What an interesting proposition. He can't say he dislikes it.

When Alastor tunes back in, he sees Vox squirming in his seat, clearly overwhelmed by anxiety. He could practically see all of the worries Vox was feeling right now. Could sense the

regret and fear that he had said or done something wrong.

He thinks he should finally do something to quell his fears. After all, he had done something right. He should be proud of himself instead, really. "Alright, I'm tempted to agree." Alastor finally said, expressing his interest in what Vox suggested.

The way Vox perked up almost made Alastor want to take him right here, right now. But before that, there was a longer conversation to be had. "Really?" Vox asked, voice full of hope.

"Indeed. However, I have a few lingering concerns before I agree to anything."

"Alright, I'm all ears. What's bothering you?"

"I would like to figure out exactly where the boundaries are." Alastor points out, grin smaller than usual. This wasn't a performance—he didn't need to be so chipper. With Vox, he was allowed to relax more than usual. "Firstly: is this a now to forever case? Only in certain hours?"

Vox blinks at how Alastor was beginning to get into the nit and gritty about this. He supposed he should've expected it. Alastor doesn't like being uncertain about anything. As much as this will undoubtedly embarrass him, he can't beat around the bush. "I was thinking.. now to forever."

Alastor nods, "So, you truly want me to initiate it whenever I want, then? No matter what time or day?"

"Y-Yes. That's what I had in mind." Vox agrees, allowing himself to blush more at the idea that Alastor might actually do this. He was talking about it like he might genuinely agree. Vox didn't think he would.

"And what if you find yourself not wanting it whenever I initiate it?"

“I severely doubt that’ll happen.” Vox replies before he can bite his tongue, eyes widening as he slaps his hand over his mouth. The alcohol really was getting to him, wasn’t it?

Alastor couldn’t help but find himself chuckling. No matter what they were discussing, Vox is still Vox. “I see. Regardless, though, I find myself concerned. I would want a failsafe—just in case.”

Vox lets his hands drop to his sides once more as Alastor doesn’t mention the embarrassing words he let slip out. For that, at least, he’s grateful. He’s already being humiliated having to explain himself so much right now. “We could.. have a safeword?”

“Safeword?” Alastor asks, one of his eyebrows raised curiously. He’s never heard that word before.

Vox nods, relaxing a bit. Vox is glad that he’s able to explain things to Alastor. It would make him feel even more humiliated if Alastor was an expert, honestly. Having the ability to explain stuff to him gave him moments to breathe. “Yes, a safeword. People who do things like.. this.. often have one so they can very clearly tell the other person they’re done.”

“And it can be any word? Why not just use the word ‘stop’?”

Vox tugs on his collar a bit, finding it slightly too hot here to be comfortable right now. “Sometimes.. it’s.. a part of it to say ‘stop’ and the other person not. So the safeword is there for one to say and the other to actually stop.”

Alastor hums, considering this information. It sounded very interesting, if he had to be honest with himself. He was no means an expert in any of this stuff. Vox could be making this all up and Alastor would be none the wiser. Alastor knows better not to be distrustful of Vox, though. He’s always very honest. “Alright. What will be our word?”

Vox seems to be deep in thought, considering an easy word that they’d both be able to remember easily. “How about.. ‘rye’?” Vox suggests.

Alastor's eyes drift over to the rye that they both had in front of them, before looking back at Vox with a hint of amusement. "How creative of you, Vincent." Alastor teases, unable to help himself. It was right in front of them.

Vox pouts, resting his elbows on the table as he slumps over in defeat. "I think it fits. It's easy to remember, too. And it's a short word."

"I wasn't denying your suggestion, dear." Alastor points out with a sly smile, "Merely commenting on it."

Vox huffs, straightening back up, turning his body around so his back was leaning against the counter, still seated at the barstool. "Well, I never asked for your commentary! Rye is the safeword, and that's that."

Alastor chuckles, looking at Vox for a moment. He wonders what he could do to Vox, how long it would take him to actually use the word. There are a lot of possibilities now opened up for him. "Alright, then." Alastor agrees warmly, "When you say 'whenever I want,' do you really mean that?"

Vox blinks at the question, "What do you mean?"

"If I were to, say, make use of you right now. Would you accept that?" Alastor asks curiously, carefully watching Vox's expression for any hint of discomfort.

Instead, all he finds is glee. Delight that Vox carefully pushes down. "I would accept that, yes." Vox says, eagerly accepting the hypothetical. "I really mean whenever you want. When I'm busy, when I'm with others, when I'm drunk, when I'm.. asleep. Anytime, anywhere."

Alastor hums, nodding along to what Vox informs him. There's a hint of joy in his eyes. Joy that sends a shiver down Vox's spine. "That's a dangerous offer, my dear. Are you so sure you want to trust me with your body like this?"

Vox takes a moment to look at Alastor. When he looks at Alastor, all he feels is warmth. Alastor makes him feel a way that no one has ever done—no one else will ever make him feel this way either. He trusts Alastor fully. Perhaps it's stupid. But he doesn't think Alastor will use it for bad. If anything, he'll never use the power. But Vox can't help but give him the choice. There's no one else he'd rather use him.

Vox grins, nodding, "I'm sure, Al. You can do whatever you want to me, whenever you want, from now on until eternity ends."

Alastor stares at Vox a moment longer, before he nods. He takes a sip of his rye, enjoying the reminder the drink has of their little agreement gives him. This drink has truly taken on a new meaning. "All right, I'll keep that in mind. In any case, do you want to hear about my latest radio broadcast?"

A part of Vox was disappointed he wasn't being bent over the counter right now. But Vox expected it. Instead of lingering on their agreement, he lets himself move on, smiling as he nods. "Of course I do, Al. Let me hear all about it."

Alastor wasn't surprised by the memory as his fingers absentmindedly circled over the rim of his empty glass. Rye had once been in the glass, but Alastor had long finished it. Instead, he was stuck remembering the agreement that he and Vox had made so long ago.

It wasn't long after the agreement was made that Vox attempted to push his luck, offering that partnership, when things began to fall apart. He only made use of the agreement once before they drifted apart, and Alastor was forced to go away for seven years.

It had been truly a spur of the moment decision. Vox had been driving him up the wall with how attractive he was. Alastor always found himself drawn to Vox. He was honestly considering doing nothing about it, but after a glass of rye, he had remembered.

Before he knew it, Vox's legs were spread open on the couch, his pants and boxers ripped open, and Alastor took him right there.

The way Vox moaned had been delicious. They were both drunk, and after so long, most of the details had faded. The sounds of Vox's moans and his gorgeous facial expressions were still vivid in his mind.

Alastor hadn't allowed himself to act on the agreement since. Especially since he appeared in the hotel.

He and Vox were enemies now. The agreement was obviously null and void, so Alastor truly never bothered. Besides, Alastor had convinced himself that he didn't want Vox like that anymore.

The seven years had changed Vox a lot. He was by no means the same demon that Alastor had known. He was sharper, more guarded, and much more egotistical. It had been annoying to see the changes when he first saw them. When he first came back after seven years, when they sang that silly song and Alastor found out everything that Vox had been up to.

Alastor convinced himself that he hated Vox. He had kept himself believing that for the longest time, too. As they fought constantly, attempting to kill each other. It was a mutual understanding that things were no longer how they were, and Vox clearly didn't mean the whole 'now to the end of eternity' clause in their agreement.

As Alastor sat at the bar, though, another memory suddenly rose to the surface for the umpteenth time since it had first happened.

Sitting in the rolling chair was better than if it were a stagnant chair, sure. But Alastor still found himself completely and utterly bored. Especially as Vox sat at his desk, tuning him comfortably out as he attempted to work.

Alastor sighed, and once again, he was ignored. At least with the rolling chair, he was able to make his way towards Vox, sitting in front of his desk with a wide grin. "Vox." He tried.

He saw a twitch in Vox's expression, but other than that, he was ignored. Alastor chuckled to himself. He knew Vox couldn't ignore him forever. So, he said Vox's name again. And again. Over and over again, until inevitably, Vox broke.

Vox slammed his hands down on his desk, sharply standing up, expression furious as he glared daggers at Alastor. "What could you possibly want from me?"

Alastor leans back in his chair, enjoying Vox's attention finally on him. Because of the entertainment value—not because of any other reason. "Well, my dear picture box. I'm getting rather bored right now. Do you have any way for me to entertain myself?"

"Fuck no. You agreed to be my prisoner, so you're going to sit there, and not be such a brat."

"I never agreed to that, dear." Alastor points out with a chuckle, spinning around in his chair slowly, attempting to entertain himself some more.

Vox glares, groaning. His hands rub over his screen as he collapses down into his chair. When his hands drop, he looks at Alastor with a defeated expression. One that was utterly pitiful.

Alastor wasn't quite sure why it made his stomach twist.

"Fine. What do you want? A phone so you can play games or something?" Vox suggests with a frown on his face.

Alastor rolls his eyes, "Do you even know me, Vox? Absolutely not. I want something real. Not some kind of unsophisticated technological device."

"Well, I'm sorry, but I'm busy. Unfortunately, you cannot torment me right now, so you have to go find something else to do. Go out and torment Vel or something, I don't know." Vox continues giving Alastor options, looking away from his face as he goes back to working.

Normally, Alastor would take him up on his offer. He would go out there and torment Velvete like Vox said. Maybe he'd find an employee to terrorize. Currently, though, that sounded

entirely unappealing.

An idea popped into his head. One that sounded quite crazy. Neither of them had mentioned the agreement, really. Not since they actually made it. It was nonverbal, a silent understanding. One that had obviously broken. Surely, bringing it up would cause Vox to fluster, and he would get mad, and they'd bicker more. Exactly what Alastor wanted.

"How about you get me a glass of rye, huh?" Alastor suggests, tone just seductive enough that it would be clear exactly what he was talking about. He knows Vox remembers it. There's absolutely no way he doesn't.

The hint of recognition that sparks in Vox's eyes after he mentions it tells the same story.

Alastor grins wider as Vox looks up at him, anger in his expression. "Don't you dare bring that up." There was something more in his face. Something that Alastor couldn't quite place yet. How curious.

"Oh, why not, my dear? It was mutually beneficial. A shared agreement. Am I really not allowed to bring it up?"

"It's mortifying. No one needs to know about it. What if someone hears? And you certainly don't need to bring it up just to get a reaction out of me. I'm busy, I said." Vox replies, face flushed ever so slightly, before he ducked his head back into work, seemingly determined to not let his focus waver again.

Alastor was fine with that. He had things to think about. Namely, the lack of past-tense that Vox used. It didn't used to be mortifying. It is mortifying. As though it's still something that's on the table. As though it's still a secret between them that can get out.

He didn't speak for the rest of the day.

Now, Alastor was free. Free from Vox's chains, free from Rosie's chains. He was a complete and utter free man, allowed to do absolutely anything he wanted.

Why is it that his head is still stuck on what Vox said?

Alastor sighs, standing from his seat, grabbing his cane. "Goodnight, Husker." Alastor states, announcing his departure from the bar. All he gets is a grunt in reply. He didn't expect anything more from Husk.

Vox seemingly still expected something from Alastor. How could it be that Vox still assumed that the agreement between them was there?

Sure, the agreement was entirely dependent on Vox. If he thought it still exists, then it does. But Alastor couldn't figure out why Vox was still trusting Alastor with such a thing. After they both made each other bleed, after they both said extremely hurtful things to the other.

Such trust seemed inevitable that it was no longer there. Alas, Vox still believed Alastor could do whatever he wanted to him, whenever he liked.

Alastor steps into his room, shutting the door behind him. He shrugs off his coat, setting it down on a hanger. He sets his cane down next to his jacket. He walks further into his room, undoing his bow tie before he undoes the first couple buttons of his shirt, exposing a bit of his chest fluff as well as his collarbone.

He wonders if Vox thinks about the agreement often. If he's confused as to why Alastor hasn't taken advantage of the agreement since he came back. Maybe he's even sad about it. Wondering if he's not good enough anymore, or if Alastor just doesn't have those urges anymore.

Alastor certainly still has those urges. But he hasn't found the time to do it. Nor the pride to ask.

He had too much to plan, too much to do. He had to juggle his hotel duties as well as keeping track of Vox. He especially was focused on breaking his deal. But now all of these things are irrelevant.

Alastor still lives at the hotel, but he was finding it hard to treat it as seriously as he once did. His soul deal has obviously been broken, too, so there's no need to worry about that. Vox, too, is no longer a threat. He only just recently got a new body—and most of hell still despises him. It's Velvette and Valentino that have been in the public eye most of the time now, not Vox.

Alastor should be glad that all of his issues are completely and utterly solved. Vox just *had* to still be stuck under his skin, though.

He sighs, unsure when he had laid on his bed, but he was aware of the fact he was staring up at his ceiling.

There wasn't really any need to be in denial, was there? Not anymore. Alastor was a man of desire, and Alastor had never felt more desire for someone than Vox. The agreement was good, but the cherry on top was that Vox was the person he got to use. The trust and love was intoxicating—something that Alastor couldn't help but consume.

Alastor wanted to take advantage of the agreement now that he knew it was still on. It made his heart flutter whenever he thought about it. But deep down, he knew he couldn't just jump into it. What a rude thing to do.

But Alastor also didn't want to just jump Vox whilst he's in his bedroom. It doesn't get the message across as much as Alastor wants.

Two voices outside of his door suddenly make his ears twitch.

“—Vox is going to make his big entrance into the public eye again.” A random sinner whose voice Alastor did not recognize and would never care to recognize suddenly stated.

“Really? What a disaster. He’s going to make an even bigger fool of himself.” Another voice replies to the first.

Before Alastor knew it, he had disappeared into the shadows, and when he appeared in front of them—he was perfectly composed, bow tie and all. His fingers grip around his cane more as he looks at the two of them with interested glee. “What about Vox are you two talking about, might I ask?”

They both jump, staring at him warily. One speaks, the one he recognized as the one to firstly speak about it. “Well- uhm, I heard that Vox is going to stand in front of hell again today to try and get people on his side.”

Alastor hums, internally already calculating a plan. “I see. What time? Where?”

“Later tonight, at the VoxTek company stage that they personally bought for big announcements like the one Vox is going to make.” The first continued to speak, but Alastor tuned them out. He had enough information.

He disappears back into the shadows, not bothering to say goodbye. There was no need to. He appears back at his desk now instead of his bed, hands resting on the wooden surface.

He thinks he knows how he’s going to make his presence known in Vox’s life. Of course, he enjoyed having the secrecy of it. But Vox had once told him he could do it in front of *anyone* he wanted.

If he wants to do it in front of the entirety of hell, who can stop him? Only Vox, and he’s finding it hard to believe Vox will. Only time will tell, he supposes.

Vox fiddled with the tie of his suit for the fifth time this minute. He stared at himself in the mirror, trying his best to push down his nerves.

He's Vox. He's practically the King of Hell. He rules over every single kind of media. He controls it all. He controls what the people think, what they do. There's absolutely no need to be nervous over this announcement. He's done a million times before this.

Somehow, though, it feels like he's starting over. Like he isn't the King of Hell. Like he's just Vincent Whitman—new sinner, first dropped down in hell. Like he isn't Vox—who has a monopoly on the entirety of all media in hell, CEO of VoxTek.

It's a humiliating feeling, but one that he pushes down. He smooths his suit for the eighth time, and sighs. He needs to leave otherwise he never will. So, he drags himself out of his dressing room, ignoring the prickling feeling on his skin. It's nothing. It's just nerves, that of which he's already pushed down. He just has to ignore it.

“Voxxy, there you are!~” Valentino speaks up once he spots Vox, whistling at him. “You’re looking sexy~”

Vox grins, adjusting his suit for the twelfth time. “Of course I am.” Vox plays the part wonderfully, as he always does. It doesn't matter what hell thinks of him now. They might be still stuck on what he did, but as soon as he goes out there, they'll forget. They've had enough time to forget the details of it all. Now, it's his time to strike and everything will be normal.

Valentino chuckles, wrapping one of his many arms around Vox's waist, another pressing against Vox's chest. “You seem a tad tense, mi hombre guapo~ mind if I help you out, hm?” His two other hands begin squeezing Vox's shoulders.

Vox has to admit, Valentino is an expert at massages. He seems to know exactly where Vox's body is tense, and he works out those knots with such efficiency that it makes Vox dizzy. But right now—being tense is a good thing. It means he's prepared. He can relax later, once everything is done. So, he shakes Valentino off. It was playful, though. “Later, okay?”

Valentino pouts, but soon begins to grin again. His hand remains around Vox's waist, but all others release him. “Fine, fine, but don't let me down.”

“Wouldn’t dream of it~”

Valentino giggles, before he seems to move on. “You’re almost on. Are you ready?”

Vox scoffs, “I was born ready. This is really no different than anything else I’ve done. As soon as I got on there, they’re all going to completely forget why they hated me in the first place.” Vox states with a confident shrug. This is how hell works. Eternity is a fickle thing. Drama is very temporary. It doesn’t matter that Vox almost destroyed all of hell and heaven. When Vox brings something that everyone can hold onto, they’ll forget.

And then Vox will be on top again. It’s happened many times, for many different people. Vox has been one of them, and he will be one of them. It’s just how the world works. Vox understands that. Sinners are incredibly predictable. Almost pathetically so, if it didn’t benefit him so very much.

“Mm.. your confidence is hot, babe.” Valentino comments, leaning in for a kiss.

Vox covers his mouth with a chuckle, poking Valentino’s chest. “I said *later*. Do you know what later means?” Vox playfully scolds the man, who sighs dramatically.

“Later is so longggg..” Valentino whines, pulling away from Vox to lean against the wall like he was dying.

Vox laughs, some of the tension being released from his shoulders already. Still, though, he notices a prickling feeling against skin. How odd. Again, he brushes it off. “I think you can survive.”

Valentino admits defeat with a sigh, detaching himself from the wall. “Maybe, maybe not. We’ll see.”

Just before Vox was able to reply, he heard his cue that he was meant to take the stage. He shoots Valentino a grin and a wink as he begins to walk away. “Make sure to watch me, okay? I’ll make them forget it so fast they’ll be confused as to why I was ever controversial to begin with.”

Valentino laughs, giving Vox a small wave. “Alright, babe~ I’ll make sure you watch you *real* close.”

Vox grins at Valentino, before he turns away. He makes his way onto the stage, though still behind the curtain. Whilst he was still hidden, he took a deep breath, entering the familiar persona he always took whenever dealing with a large crowd. As he finally stepped onto the stage, he finally saw just how many people showed up. It looked the entirety of hell, really. How lovely.

Vox grins bigger as he’s greeted with a boo, taking the microphone. They won’t know what even happened to them. “Ladies and gentlemen, I’m so very glad to see your faces here tonight!”

More boos. It’s to be expected, really. Vox doesn’t look affected whatsoever, however, he allows guilt to take over his face. “This has been.. very hard for me. As you all know, I like making everyone happy. I see now that I made a huge, awful mistake.

“I want to apologize to everyone for what I did. A moment of silence for the lives that were lost.”

Everyone remains quiet as Vox closes his eyes, looking remorseful. As though he genuinely felt sorry for his actions. The idea made him want to laugh, but he refrained. That wasn’t what this moment was for.

Vox opens his eyes, looking back up at the crowd in front of him. “Now that my sorrow is known, I want to give you all a more proper apology.”

He begins to grin, a television being rolled onto the screen. A slideshow begins to play, that of which announced a brand new, technologically advanced phone. One which looked sleek,

and with functions that seemed new and important. Really, it was only slightly different from the last phone, just with more advanced words, as well as a more sleek design.

Vox grinned at the audience, gesturing towards the brand new device shown on the television. “This is VoxTek’s latest invention. I’m very proud to announce that it’s coming out next week! However, my very lovely audience.. each one of you that attended here gets one for free.”

The crowd erupting into excited cheers and applause was music to his ears. It was so easy it was almost boring. Vox could never get bored of being at the center of everyone’s attention though. It just so happens that Vox prefers everyone thinking positively of him rather than thinking negatively of him.

Vox sighs contently, a version of the brand new phone appearing in his hand. He kisses the screen of it, “I love you all very much. Without you, I would be nothing, so for that, I thank all of you for supporting me through such trying times.” Vox announces, before he throws the phone into the audience. He enjoys the way everyone pounces for it—starting a small bloodbath where he had thrown the phone to. How endearing.

“With that, I believe I have nothing else to say. Until next time! I love you all!” Vox begins to end the announcement, blowing kisses in all directions, enjoying the screams of love and happiness. All of it was directed to him.

He can’t wait to go back off stage, brag to Valentino about how easy it was, and then they’ll probably do whatever Valentino wanted. It sounded like a great use of his time.

Just as Vox was about to start walking off the stage, he heard a voice. A voice that made him stop in his tracks.

The prickling feeling on his skin got even worse when he heard the voice. Gosh, how could he be so stupid? Alastor was here the entire time, wasn’t he? Watching, waiting. He doesn’t understand why but there’s no use dwelling on it. Vox turns towards the voice with a noticeable frown.

“Done so soon?” Alastor had commented, both of his hands on his cane, appearing on the stage about ten feet away from Vox. He noticed the lack of weapons he had on him, but that didn’t mean anything. He could summon his tentacles in the blink of an eye.

Vox sighs, taking a couple more steps backwards, towards a different exit. He wasn’t stupid—there were many ways he could run right now. Vox couldn’t help but stay in place though, just to see what Alastor wanted from him. “What in *hell* are you doing here?”

“I was just here to admire how you’d win back the hearts of hell—and you did it swiftly, didn’t you?”

Vox rolls his eyes, before he grins. Everyone is still watching. “I’m forever indebted to everyone for being so forgiving! Truly, where would I be without my loyal followers?” Vox says, directing his words towards the crowd—not Alastor.

Alastor hums, taking a few steps forwards as Vox is distracted with the people. “I have an idea where you’d be.”

Vox jumps at how close Alastor is all of the sudden, quickly backing up to try and keep distance, but just as he feared—a tentacle shot out his back and wrapped around his waist, lifting him up into the air just enough for him to be unable to walk away.

He should use his wires, shove them into Alastor, and send so much electricity into him that he goes braindead. But Vox doesn’t.

Perhaps it’s the fact that this is the first time they’ve been so close since Vox had him as his prisoner. Maybe it’s the fact Vox still isn’t over Alastor. He doesn’t know. Does it even matter, really? What’s done is done.

When Vox doesn’t reply, Alastor continues, “I believe you’d be at my feet, desperate for my attention without the fear of being a big, bad overlord.”

Vox's face flushes considerably, but he scoffs, struggling in his hold now. Vox really should make himself look less desperate for the scraps of Alastor's attention. Besides, it's not good for him to let Alastor do whatever he wants. "Shut the fuck up, asshole. In your *dreams*."

Alastor chuckles, leaning closer to Vox. "Maybe it is, my dear." Alastor whispers—so only he and Vox could hear what Alastor just suggested. It sent a shiver of desire throughout his entire body. He's lying.

"Let me go!" Vox replies instead of acknowledging what he said, being more aggressive now as he attempted to rip the tentacle off of him.

When he's suddenly dropped to the ground, he's disoriented. Confused. Is he really being let go? Vox should've run when he had the chance, because before he knew it, his wrists were captured and held above his head by a tentacle, and two other tentacles moved to hold and spread Vox's legs apart.

"Good idea, Vincent. I quite like this position better anyways." Alastor teases, grinning at the humiliation creeping into Vox's expression as he realizes that Alastor is enjoying this far, far too much.

Vox bites down on his tongue, forcing himself not to make any regrettable noises. "Stop it, let me go." Vox growls out, attempting to seem intimidating.

Alastor smiles, tilting his head. An expression that Vox hasn't seen on his features in a long time begins to appear—which startles him. Not as much as what Alastor says, though. He leans into the side of Vox's screen, whispering, "That's not the safeword."

Vox's stomach drops. He knows exactly what that means. He knows exactly what's about to happen now, too—he knows Alastor's intentions clearly. He should scream the safeword, should run away, should lock himself in his room and completely forget about this interaction and Alastor as a whole.

He remembers the safeword. Of course he does. *Rye*. One word, and Alastor lets him go. Alastor won't do anything. He'll be disappointed, of course, but Alastor will respect his

decision.

“..Stop.” Vox says weakly instead, and Alastor fully laughs. It shakes through his entire body, the tentacles wrapped around his limbs tightening. The desire is written all over Alastor’s face now—open and loud.

Vox can’t help the whimper that’s dragged out of him from the look on his face. Vox can’t pretend he hasn’t thought of this every second of every day.

Anytime he does any sort of performance, he secretly hoped Alastor would interrupt it and fuck him. Anytime he bent over, in the back of his mind he hoped Alastor would grab his hips and take him. Anytime he woke up, he hoped he would find Alastor taking advantage of him. Obviously, none of that ever happened. He assumed Alastor forgot. Until that one night when he held Alastor prisoner. Until right now.

Vox gasps as a few more tentacles begin to slither up his body. One goes up his suit, another squeezes his thigh. Vox feels ashamed as he feels his cock begin to stir and harden in his pants. No doubt Alastor can feel it. See it. The entirety of hell is watching right now—how embarrassing.

“Voxxy!” A voice breaks Vox out of his trance. He looks over, seeing Valentino holding his gun, pointed directly at Alastor. He feels dread begin to fill him. He has to choose, doesn’t he? Worst of all, he already knows which he prefers right now.

“Well, well, well. You’ve come to help Vox, have you?” Alastor asks curiously, his tentacles squeezing Vox harder. As though he was attempting to force Vox into staying. Attempting to remind him he made his choice.

“Let him go *right now*. Or else.” Valentino threatens Alastor, glaring at him harshly.

Alastor pretends to think, glancing back over at Vox. “Alright, I’ll let him go.” Alastor says, and Vox can’t help the feeling of pure despair that consumes him at the notion that Alastor was going to end this before it even began. “If.” Alastor continues, “Vox tells me the safeword.”

Alastor wants everyone to know their agreement. He wants Valentino to know their agreement. How mortifying. Despite that, Vox holds his tongue, shame written all over his face. He hears whispers in the crowd, and feels phones being pulled out. This is a bad situation he's found himself in. A situation he's entirely willing in.

Valentino waits for Vox to speak, getting increasingly confused when Vox doesn't. "Safeword? What does he mean, Vox?"

Vox bites his tongue, forcing himself to look absolutely anywhere but Valentino.

Alastor laughs, absolutely delighted by the interaction. "It seems Vox wants me to continue, based on the way he has yet to speak a word to you." Alastor comments, living in the way Valentino seethes.

"What have you done? What do you mean by *safeword*?"

"Has Vox not told you?" Alastor asks with a shit-eating grin. Obviously Vox hasn't told Valentino, he expected that. It's a private thing. But not anymore.

"No. *What* are you talking about?"

Alastor chuckles, looking over at Vox. "Tell him, won't you?" Alastor wants Vox to be the one to explain it. He wants Vox to be the one to tell everyone exactly what's about to be happening here. Alastor wants everyone to know where Vox's priorities lay.

Vox looks at Alastor pleadingly, whining, but Alastor just smiles at him. He isn't getting out of this. Miserably, he looks over at Valentino, who seems just about ready to explode. "I.. a long time ago, I.. agreed to.. me being free use for him." Vox explains it, hearing the many amounts of gasps in the crowd. Whistles, outrage, cheers. Lots of different reactions.

“*What.*” Valentino states, obviously shocked. Vox? Free use for Alastor? What a scandalous agreement. One that has apparently been going on for a long time. Just how long has this been happening? “So. This is.. willing?” Valentino clarifies, which makes Vox shiver.

Vox nods, “Yes, it is.” He admits, and Alastor forces attention back on him as he laughs. This is the most fun he’s had in decades. Why hadn’t he done this sooner? He gets Vox, and he gets to see the shock of all of hell as well as Valentino. Alastor, Radio Demon and known prude, having his very own free use whore. The whore being the Media Demon himself, Vox. One who’s supposed to be his rival.

What a sickeningly gleeful story.

For no one but himself, obviously. Perhaps Vox too, as he’s the one who suggested it and set all of the terms. He could’ve said anything. He chose to allow Alastor to do whatever he wanted, whenever he wanted. It just so happens this is the time he wants Vox.

“Well! Enough of that, I think we’ve made it clear Vox is *exactly* where he wants to be!” Alastor states, turning his attention to Vox as he ignores Valentino. He’ll leave eventually. And he does leave without another word. Probably to go sulk. Serves him right.

Vox’s face flushes brighter as Alastor’s attention is on him again, the tentacles moving with purpose once more now that any miscommunication has cleared up. “A-Al-” Vox tried, but Alastor lovingly shushed him.

“Just take it, won’t you? Relax, I’ve got you.” Alastor reassures Vox quietly, the tentacle around Vox’s thigh slowly moving between his legs. It opens up his pants, sliding them down so they were sitting between his thighs, before his boxers were tugged down too.

Vox gasps as his hard cock is suddenly exposed to the world. The tentacle who had worked to expose it wraps itself around the organ, steadily beginning to pump it. He can’t help the eager moan that’s forced out of his throat. This feels so amazing. So much better than his own hand. Secretly, he admits to himself that it’s better than Valentino too.

Alastor grins at Vox, enjoying working him up. His body trembles in his tentacles, wrists flexing and unflexing as he tries and fails to get them out of the restraints. He knows Vox has a nasty habit of clinging. Later, he'll allow Vox to. Not here.

"A-Al, oh, p-please!" Vox begs, hips bucking up into the tentacle. Alastor considers letting him cum.

He obviously needed it. He would make such a pretty expression, such a pretty noise.. but then it would be done. Alastor has more plans for him. Besides, it's in Vox's best interest, as it'll feel better after being denied. So, the tentacle stops moving, and frees Vox's weeping cock.

Vox sobs, hips bucking up into nothing. "N-No, wait, Al-" Vox tries to beg, tries to convince Alastor into letting him orgasm, but Alastor shushes him. He best not let Vox speak, lest Vox actually end up convincing him with those adorably endearing whines.

The tentacle, slick with its own mysterious substance as well as Vox's precum, moves around to Vox's ass. It wiggles closer, pressing against the tight circle of muscle. It felt like Vox was attempting to suck him in.

Alastor chuckles, "I would prefer to watch you fall apart on my tentacle, mon cher~" He says lovingly, the tip just barely slipping inside of Vox.

It was almost nothing, and now he tries to buck his hips backwards into the tentacle to get it deeper. "I-I need you so b-bad-" Vox starts begging, tears slipping down his screen as a tentacle shoves into his mouth.

Alastor brushes his fingers against Vox's screen with a content sigh. "As much as I adore your sweet words, baby, let's save them for when we're alone, hm?" Alastor suggests, and Vox nods, but Alastor doesn't trust him.

He has a mouth that doesn't have much self restraint. Alastor will have to restrain it for him. Lest all of hell hear all of Vox's pretty feelings for him. That's for Alastor to hear, and Alastor alone. Everyone else can guess for all he cares.

“Just focus on feeling good for me, okay?” Alastor tells Vox, who whines in confusion, before the tentacle suddenly shoves deep inside of him.

Vox sobs around the tentacle, sucking on it for some kind of relief. He has to do something, and if he can’t grab, he has to suck. Vox feels the tentacle inside of him wiggle around, as though it has a mind of its own. As it drags out of him, he feels every single movement that the tentacle makes.

It’s unbearably pleasurable. His cock twitches, leaking all over himself as it curls against his stomach. His entire body shakes from the pleasure, as he shuts his eyes tightly as though to savor the pleasure. And to escape from the fact that everyone is watching him.

Quickly, he gets lost in the feeling of Alastor fucking him with his tentacle. Briefly, he wishes that it was Alastor’s actual cock, but he quickly pushes that down. Only he gets to see Alastor’s body. The tentacle is good—safe. Everyone sees them. And now, when they see them, they’ll think about how Vox belongs on them.

Vox doesn’t know if that’s a good thing or a bad thing yet. Right now, he’s too blissed out to think about it. All he can think about is Alastor. *Alastor, Alastor, Alastor* his mind screams at him. He hopes Alastor uses him more often. He wouldn’t mind if Alastor used him once a day. Twice a day. Five times a day. That would be heaven.

He never needed to destroy heaven. He never needed to get into heaven. Why would he ever need that when he has Alastor right here, fucking him so good that he can’t think? Heaven would never be as good as this. Nothing could ever be as good as this.

Vox moans louder against the tentacle, attempting to warn Alastor that he’s close. Alastor doesn’t hear, but he seems to understand regardless.

He chuckles, the tentacle getting rougher—deeper. “Go on, my dear. *Cum*. Show everyone who you belong to.” Alastor orders Vox, who immediately obeys. It’s not his fault Alastor is so easy to listen to.

The orgasm washes over him so intensely and quickly that his body seizes up. He doesn't even make any noise. He just makes a mess all over himself as his eyes roll to the back of his head. Secretly, he's glad the tentacle has been in his mouth the entire time. It truly saved him from moving his mouth like he knew he would.

Before Vox knew it, he had bluescreened from the intensity of it all. Alastor hums, immediately clicking the button to begin rebooting Vox. Usually, he lets him do it on his own. No one else seemed to care enough to help him out, too, whenever he crashed. But right now—Alastor did need him conscious.

As Vox reboots, Alastor pulls the tentacle out of him carefully. He hums, grabbing some random towel, beginning to clean Vox up with it. Curiously, he throws it to the crowd, watching as they begin another bloodbath for it. Alastor chuckles. There's no need to be jealous over pests. However, he can't help but feel uncomfortable at how they all know what's beneath Vox's clothes, as well as how Vox moans. Which is why he needs Vox's awareness.

Soon after Alastor fixes him up, he hears Vox's groan. His voice is raspy as he wipes at his face, "A-Al..?"

"Yes, dear, I'm still holding you." Alastor reassures, which helps him relax. Even though they had only done this once before, he recognized how worried Vox had been when Alastor attempted to leave. How upset he had gotten. He had quickly realized a rule, then. He has to take care of Vox afterwards.

Then, he disliked it. Previously, aftercare was just murder. Now, it was treating Vox softly. But as he holds Vox now, he finds himself not minding. He's too adorable to truly care. Alastor grins at Vox, "Mon cher, may I ask something of you?"

Vox begins to come back to his senses, down from his high, so Alastor begins to gently remove the restraints, setting him down on the ground. A tentacle remains for Vox to lean on, though, that of which he does. "What do you need?" Vox asks, softer than normal.

Alastor quite enjoyed Vox when he's like this. He ought to keep Vox like this all of the time. He'll never grow tired of it. "I need you to hypnotize the entire crowd for me. Only for a

moment—to get them to forget your naked body and what your moans sound like.” Alastor requests of Vox.

He stares for a second before he scoffs fondly. “Of course you’d want that. I’m surprised you even allowed them to witness it at all.” Vox states. He was teasing Alastor, but more similarly to how he’d talk to Alastor before everything. Before things were ruined between them.

Alastor wonders if things could go back to that. He finds himself enjoying the idea. “Only to show them who you belong to.” Alastor defends, which has Vox blushing.

“Okay, shut up. I need to focus.” Vox states, the television switching to his signature spiral. In fact, all of the screens around them did. So did Vox’s eye, though the screens captured the audience.

Vox speaks again, his voice slightly more echoey than normal. More calm, more alluring. “You will forget what my naked body looks like. You will forget what my moans sound like. You will forget all of the sexual parts of how I acted. If you recorded any videos, or took any pictures, you will delete them.” Vox informs the crowd.

He takes a second to let it sink in, before he breaks the hypnosis. It always makes his head hurt—especially doing it on such a large scale.

Despite his pain, Alastor looks incredibly pleased. He pulls Vox closer to him, face inches away from Vox’s screen. “Such a good boy for me..” Alastor praises, causing Vox to blush quite a lot.

He huffs, pushing Alastor away. “Yeah, okay, you’ve had your fun.. you can go now.” Vox states, dismissing Alastor.

Alastor hums, “Sure. But Vox, remember this.” Alastor states, pulling Vox back in, “You’re *mine*, understood? This is not the last time, not by far. Until next time, mon cher!” Alastor blows Vox a kiss, before he disappears into the shadows.

Vox is sure his blush has gone down to his chest it's so apparent. Quickly, he makes his way off stage, groaning into his hands.

The worst part of everything was that he wanted Alastor to take him again right now. He wanted to be bent over for Alastor at all times. He never wants Alastor to leave him alone ever again. He truly belongs at Alastor's feet. Vox finds himself not minding that fact. It's just as he said—a fact.

Now he has to deal with Valentino, though. And Velvette probably. Oddly enough, he finds himself not minding the humiliation. All he feels is glee that Alastor wants him.

Now that he knows he's Alastor's, he feels lighter.

Vox sighs happily as Valentino looms over him, shouting at him. He's barely listening, though. All he can think about is what Alastor will do to him next.

He can hardly wait.

End Notes

Thank you guys for reading!!!! This was supposed to be 4k words, and ended up doubling that number. I have a tendency to do that. Free use Vox just needed more time and more words though.. can't leave him hanging!!!

I'm sooo obsessed with Vox being pathetic it's insane 😭😭 hopefully I've fed all of you though!!! This better turn out to be canon in season 3 istg.. LMAO BUT I HOPE YOU ALL ENJOYED!!! Leave a comment if you did!!!! I reallyyy love all of your feedback and kind words <33

Also P.S. my winter break ends today so my writing will be slowed down 😞😞 don't worry!! The gays will forever live on in my heart and I'll attempt to write something every week or so!! Love you guys 💕💕💕

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!